McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner.

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June 11 1886-1y

ERNEST CONRAD.

"Come," I called, in answer to a rap at my door, and in stepped my landlady, accompanied by a young man.

"I have brought you your room-mate," she began, in her pleasant voice; "Mr. Conrad—Mr. Harris."

I had arisen from my sitting posture, and now advanced toward him to shake his hand, a long, warm hand, that took hold of mine in a wholesome clasp which inspired confidence at once.

He was a German. I could see that at a glance, even if his name had not suggested it. Yes, he was a German, of the blondest type, with flaxen hair, light-blue eyes, and eyebrows and eyelashes scarcely perceptible. Although tall and broad-shouldered, he did not impress me as being strong. On the contrary, his pale complexion, flat chest, and lank make-up generally, gave him an almost sickly appearance.

I liked him at first sight. His large eyes looked into mine with a directness that bespoke a clear conscience, and an absence of all disguise, ill-will, or jealousy. And he greeted me with such a real, childlike smile, as won me completely.

"I hope we shall be very good friends," I could not help saying, after our landlady, Mrs. Barnes had left us, and we were seated.

"Oh, I think we shall," he replied.

"Is your home very far from here?" I asked him.

"Only fifteen miles, but I am the only child of my parents, and they will be lonesome without me. They are so used to hearing me play the violin at all hours of the day, that they will miss the music very much, especially my mother." He said this with moist eye and quivering lip.

"You are a musician then," I said.

"No, not yet," he replied, "but I hope to be one sometime. I have come to study music."

"The violin?" I asked.

"Yes, I mean to make that my principal instrument. I have got it here." At this, he got up, opened the door to the hall, where, from his trunk, standing there, he took the box containing his violin. Taking it out, he showed it to me.

"I wish you would play something for me."

"I don't know much of anything to play," he replied, turning his instrument, "I don't think I can play anything well."

I was surprised at his playing, as well as at what he played. Although I knew not what it was, I could hear that it was not common. It sounded classic to me, and he played it with a taste and finish which I had not looked for.

"You have taken lessons before," I said, after he had finished.

"Not many. There was a German school teacher in our district, a while, who gave me a lesson here and there. He was a good musician, but he drank, and was intoxicated most of his time, so I had to learn what little I know mostly by myself."

"You must be very talented then, for I think you play quite well."

"I have a great liking for music, and always have had since I can remember. I would like to go to Europe to study, but, just now I am hardly advanced enough. I can learn a good deal more here."

Ernest Conrad proved a very agreeable addition to our family, which consisted of the landlady, Mrs. Barnes, who was a widow, two fine daughters, a son, and two student boarders, besides myself. Mrs. Barnes was an easy-going woman, and allowed each member of her family to do about as he pleased.

The young people drew many visitors to the house. Nearly every evening Mrs. Barnes' parlor was filled with friends of theirs. Most of these were students of the college or conservatory of music, or both.

Our new comer soon became a central figure in these circles. It was not long before it was apparent that he not only possessed fine musical sense and taste, but was a natural critic of the art of tones not to be despised. Therefore, whenever music was in order, and Ernest Conrad present, there was much reluctance shown on the part of some of the more sensitive to display their accomplishments. He never gave offense, however, by proffering his opinion or advice when it was not asked for. In fact, his innate regard for other's feelings, as well as his great modesty, would scarcely allow him to express anything that could discourage or dishearten. Still, many of those who performed before him were quite ambitious of gaining his good opinion of their musical talents and attainments. For he had the true sense of what ought to be required of an artist on the piano or violin, as well as of a singer. "What do you think of the musicians here?" I asked him after we had retired to our room on the first evening after his arrival.

"Well, I think," he replied, "that Miss Mary Barnes might be a good player if she had the right instruction. She seems to have the right idea, but lacks the technique to carry it out."

"You seem to understand the piano, as well as the violin. Do you play the piano, too?"

"No, I can't say that I play it. I drum on it a little. But I have my idea as to what good piano-playing ought to be. A man the violin, one must first play well mechanically before he can play musically."

"Well, then, how do you like Miss Mary's singing?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess she could never become a singer. There is not much voice there. I like her sister's singing better. But I'll tell you whose singing I liked best, that of that little, dark-eyed lady, who sang in Italian. I was introduced to her, but I do not remember her name."

"You mean Miss Ballou," I said.

"Yes, that's it. Her voice is true and powerful, and she uses it well. I think she is a very nice lady, too, isn't she?" he asked.

"I think, on better acquaintance, you will find her somewhat changeable," I could not help saying, "though I must admit that she is possessed of fine talents in more respects than one."

I was quite sore on the subject of Miss Ballou, for it was only a few months since she seemed all at once to have taken a great fancy to me—not at first sight, for we had met before for years—and I, therefore, gradually began to see all manner of qualities, admirable and lovable, in her. However, just as I was beginning to ponder earnestly on our mutual attraction, to my discomfiture I became aware of the fact that her preference for me was on the wane. And in a short time I was convinced beyond a doubt that I was no longer her best ideal, for she was openly bestowing her favors on another, a young man with whom she sang a good deal at that time.

I cannot say that I suffered terribly on account of this little episode in my quietly flowing student life, for I am of too practical and prosy a turn of mind to dream of dying of a broken heart. But the affair annoyed and vexed me exceedingly at the time, and left me rather sensitive in regard to Miss Ballou.

I felt like warning my unsuspecting room-mate, for I knew that a common love for music is apt to draw two hearts together. But on second thought I considered it best not to prejudice him against her.

But what I feared came all too soon. Ernest Conrad had not been long in O—, before he was known as the most talented and promising of the students of the conservatory. He was made much of by the several professors and teachers there, and his playing was a marked feature at their frequent soirees and concerts.

Everybody liked him, and all with sufficient understanding for it were delighted with his music.

True to his chosen art, he had a high standard, and was seldom satisfied with his performance himself.

This popularity of his no doubt flattered Miss Ballou's vanity when it had became a settled fact that she was a necessity to him.

I remember how one night, after a concert at which Ernest had gathered fresh laurels, I walked behind them, as Miss Ballou leaned upon his arm, clinging, as if she would say, "What he is and what he does belongs to me, for we have all things in common."

Was she really in love with him? It certainly appeared so. And yet oftentimes, when I veiwed him as he lay, tired and hollow-eyed from hours of tedious practice, on the lounge in our room, despite the fact that he was really the best-hearted fellow that I had ever met with, I could not make out what it could be that attracted pretty little Annie Ballou so strongly to him.

But, let him come into a musical circle. Let all eyes be turned to him as the head figure. Let him take his beloved instrument and draw from it tender, melting tones, such as only he who was born to speak in the language of tones, can bring forth, and I understood it all.

At such times I could see her face glow with undisguised admiration and sympathy. She comprehended his language. She forgot the man and saw and admired only the musician. Miss Ballou, who had lost her mother when but a child, lived with her widowed aunt, Mrs. Foster, who had a fine home just opposite Mrs. Barnes' modest dwelling. There was not a day on which Ernest Conrad did not, at least once, and often two and three times, cross the street to the house of Mrs. Foster, to visit Miss Ballou. The aunt of the latter had always been very indulgent toward her, and was never more pleased than when her niece was enjoying herself. She therefore let the young people have their own way entirely.

Annie and Ernest made good use of this being left to themselves, though, I think, most of their time they practiced together, he playing on the violin, she accompanying him on the piano, for Miss Ballou was a good player as well as singer.

If ever a man loved sincerely, Ernest Conrad did. He often spoke to me of his plans for the future, but always in connection with Miss Ballou. I often mildly remonstrated with him, telling him that he could not be so sure of Annie linking her lot to his, that many things might interfere, but he would not listen. "Oh, no," he would say, "Annie understands and sympathizes with me as only one other person ever does, and that is my mother. We could never be happy apart."

There was an air of sadness about him when he spoke thus, as if a vague doubt as to the realization of the bright prospect he was picturing to himself assailed him.

Poor fellow! The shock came only too quickly and sadly enough. One forenoon, after just coming from there, Ernest remarked to me that there was a visitor at Mrs. Foster's.

"A lady?" I questioned.

"No, a gentleman." I looked at him. His eyes were directed toward the window. His face wore a troubled look.

"Old or young man?" I questioned further.

"Oh, he is rather young yet," he answered, rousing himself; "he may be 30, though."

I did not seek to satisfy my curiosity further. He was evidently disinclined to speak. I saw the gentleman in question a very few hours afterward, however. He was gallantly escorting Miss Ballou across the street. Though rather tall, he was delicate looking, with a pale, handsome face, which was adorned by a soft blonde mustache.

Miss Ballou introduced him to us as Mr. Guernsy, a relative of Mr. Foster's, who had come to spend several weeks with his aunt.

That same evening they spent at our house in company with several other friends. I was gratified to notice how eager Miss Ballou was to have Mr. Guernsy hear Ernest play. The latter responded reluctantly, evidently not being in a mood to play.

"You play very finely," said Mr. Guernsy to him, after he had finished. I disliked the patronizing way in which he spoke.

Ernest appeared awkward and at a disadvantage beside this handsome stranger. He seemed to feel this and could not be induced to play again.

There was plenty more music, however. Miss Ballou sang, then Mr. Guernsy, who had a really fine baritone voice, sang, then they sang together. I saw how unhappy the change of this evening was making poor Ernest. "Come," said I to him, "let us go up stair. We won't be missed." As we reached the door, Ernest cast a weary, longing look toward Miss Ballou, who, unmindful of him, was sitting on the stool before the piano, chatting and laughing with her new acquaintance.

I don't think Ernest slept at all that night. He was nervous, and several times during the night I heard him murmur and sigh. I heartily pitied him. But what could I do to console him?

He got up very early the next morning, and although haggered and pale, went right to his practice.

"Why do you get up so early? You look tired," I said to him.

"I can't sleep," he answered wearily, "so I thought I would get up and play. I must get these pieces for the concert which is only a week from to-morrow night.

* * * * * * *

It was just one week from this morning, while we were sitting at the breakfast table, that Rhona, one of Mrs. Barnes daughters, looking significantly at Ernest, said to me: "Mr. Harris, have you heard the news?" I had no idea as to what was coming, else I should not have added, "What is it?"

"Annie Ballou had engaged herself to Mr. Guernsy." I looked at Ernest. He had dropped his fork as if a sharp pain had suddenly seized him.

Next morning while we were yet in bed Ernest startled me by saying "Charley"—that is my name—"I am going to enlist." (What I am here relating took place at the time of the "War of the Rebellion.")

"You," I exclaimed, "why, you would not stand it a week."

"Oh, yes, I shall," he replied, "and what if I do die, I shall die for my country."

"Ernest," said I, "take my advice: don't go. You are not strong. You will not be able to bear the hardships and exposures of a soldier's life. Besides, you are the only son of your parents. Think of them."

"I do think of them. The thought of them is all that worries me. But you talk as if it were already settled that I must die. I may go through the war, and come back, as thousands of others will."

All remonstrance on my part was useless. He would go. He asked me not to tell the folks in the house about his going to enlist until after he was gone.

"I cannot bear to have them urge me to give it up," said he. "I shall have enough to do to overcome my parents."

He went, and when I next heard from him it was in the form of a letter which he had written from camp. I received a few lines from him about two weeks after this by which he informed me that they would "break up and march" on the morrow.

From that time I had no knowledge of him until one morning about three months subsequent to his departure from O., when Mrs. Barnes called me down, telling me a young man wished to see me. I found in the latter a messenger from Ernest, who, through the efforts of his mother and kind neighbors, had been brought home sick, dying perhaps, and wished to see me. I accompanied the stranger without delay, and several hours of smart driving brought us to the home of my poor friend.

His mother met me at the door, her eyes red from weeping, and I saw at a glance the worst was feared.

Though pale and emaciated, his large eyes glowing with feverish brightness, a smile illuminated his countenance as Ernest feebly put forth his hand to greet me.

"Well, I did not stand it long, did I, Charley?" he said pleasantly.

Emotion choked my utterance. "No, my poor friend," I managed to say.

We chatted some time. He asked some favors of me, which I promised should be granted. After which I left him.

I returned on a Saturday, but found poor Ernest no more alive.

They took me to the chamber where all that remained of him lay. A peaceful smile rested upon the still features, so pleasant to look at even in death. "I hear celestial harmonies" had been his last words. With the help of the undertaker, I fulfilled his last request.

I met Mrs. Guernsy, nee Ballou, a few months ago. She is a middle-aged woman now, and the mother of grown sons and daughters. Though somewhat stout, she is still pretty, and retains the vivacity and sprightliness of her youth. She seemed delighted to meet me, and spoke of old times. But never once did she refer to him, our common friend, who was laid to rest, with his hands peacefully folded over her image lying on the throbless bosom.—Olga L. Sturm in Cleveland Leader.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

How Natural Gas Has Given an Impetus to Household Decorating.

The taste for decorative art finds a fresh field of fancy to manifest itself in through the agency of natural gas. The absolute cleanliness of the gaseous fuel has presented opportunities for converting the fireaides in many Pittsburg homes into beautiful pictures made of gems of the ceramic art. In almost every Pittsburg home these pictures abound, and while in the old days it was a pleasing occupation of a winter's evening to watch the weird fantastic figures which grow out of the combination of the soft coals, now the fireplace is made the object of the artistic fancy and delight the eye of the ordinary observer.

The general method of decorating a natural gas-fire grate is to partially fill it with finely-broken firebrick. Then over this is laid a layer of long fiber asbestos. Scattered about in artistic confusion are pieces of bric-a-brac, in decorated china, milkmaids and shepherds and shepherdesses, dogs, curious little vases, articles of Japanese bijouterie, the whole making a rare picture when the gas flames play around them. One well-known gentleman residing in the East End has a perfect representation of a winter scene as the adornment of his parlor grate. Salt and asbestos give the semblance of snow and ice, while the background is made of decorated tiles and gives a fine idea of perspective. Another grate in his house gives a farmyard scene, with house and barn made of fireclay in colors, with cows, horses and chickens, the farmer and his wife and servants, while a minature farm makes up the background. The figures are fashioned out of fireclay. In another room he has a life-sized hen sitting on a dozen eggs, while a number of little chicks just half out of the shell complete the picture.

The opportunities for decoration are very wide, and to the stranger visiting Pittsburg these fireside pictures form one of the most pleasing and unique adjuncts of the uses of natural gas.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Force Exerted by Dynamite.

Nitro-glycerine and dynamite do not, when exploded, exert as much force as is popularly believed. To speak precisely, the power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,675 foot-tons. One ton of nitro-glycerine similarly exploded will exert a power of 64,452 foot-tons; and one ton of blasting gelatine, similarly exploded, 71,050 foot-tons. These figures, although large, are not enormous, and need not excite terror. Seventy-one thousand tons of ordinary building stone, if arranged in the form of a cube, would measure only ninety feet on the side, and if it were possible to concentrate the whole force of a ton of blasting gelatine at the moment of explosion on such a mass, the only effect would be to lift it to a height of a foot. The foregoing figures are derived from experiments made at Ardeer with an instrument that gives accurate results in measuring the force of explosives.—Boston Budget.

The Aqueducts of Ancient Rome.

The Romans knew the syphon and its use, but in their ignorance of metallurgy they were unable to use it as an economical means of crossing valleys when the volume of water was considerable. They did not use cast iron, but employed lead pipes of a crude character, as also clay pipes; and they knew how to prepare solder. The builders of their aqueducts had some acquaintance with the mode of leveling, the instrument they used being a sort of foreshadowing of the modern level. Still they knew that the means they adopted might lead them into error, and they preferred to err on the safe side, giving their aqueducts a great fall, from one in 500 to one in 750.—Chicago Herald.

Periodicals in Japan.

There are some 130 periodicals issued weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, on religion, government regulations, politics, laws, army and navy, agriculture, trade and commerce, shipping and navigation, literature, education, science, fine arts, medicines, etc.

It is a peculiarity of the Japanese daily newspapers that in each of them the editorial article is made about the same length every day. In some papers it covers a column and a half, while in others it is longer. One editorial is published in each number, and it is only in very rare cases that two or more editorials are printed.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE FAVORITE HYMN.

A short time since the Chicago Daily *News* published an interview between one of its reporters and myself relative to the origin and history of the "Sweet By and By." This article has been copied by various papers in the United States. It is so full of inaccuracies that I feel compelled to take this public method of giving the history of the song, never before written by me, or any other person properly authorized, so far as I know. The *News* article contains more inaccuracies in the space than I ever saw before. Dates were wrong, names were wrong, a part was imaginative, and even the words of the hymn were misquoted. Many newspapers have published only a part of the *News* article, altered so as to make it appear like editorial matter. In some of these, currency is given to the shameful story that Mr. Webster was drunk when he wrote the music and drunk when he wrote the words. From one excerpt sent me from Massachusetts has it that we were both drunk. It pursuade to mention this matter, and to any reasonable person the history of the origin of the hymn, here given, should be sufficient answer to the charge. But I am thankful that I live to do justice to the memory of a man I loved—one of the noblest men that ever lived, one of the finest and purest natures I ever met. And here I put on record this and future generations, the solemn and earnest assertion that the charge of being drunk is a false and shameful slander upon the memory of the noble dead. And were the report true, would it not have been more generous in the public press to have thrown the mantle of mercy over the dead master's memory, by remaining silent? Fortunately one more living witness remains to whom the curious have permission to refer—R. R. Crosby Redmond, McHenry Co., Ill.

Again, Mr. Webster and myself are claimed to be "Atheists" and "Infidels" by some of the papers referred to. While I claim that every man's religion is something sacred to his own soul, and no other man has a right to question, I feel compelled to say that the hope and the longing of every immortal souls as expressed in the Sweet By-and-By, was not to us as "painted fire," but the firm conviction and faith of both us and to both. Creation would have seemed a farce, unless associated with a belief in a Supreme Being of infinite love, and an immortal existence for man beyond the grave. I shall feel greatly obliged if the papers that have republished that article will also publish this correction.

In the year 1867, I became a resident of the Village of Elkhorn, Wis., the home of the composer, J. P. Webster, and shortly after became associated with him in the production of sheet music songs and other musical works. In the summer or fall of the year 1867 we commenced work on "The Signet Ring: a new Sabbath School Book," afterwards published by Messrs. Lyon & Healy, Chicago. "The Sweet By and By" was one of the songs written for that work.

Mr. Webster, like many musicians was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life. I had learned his peculiarities so well that on meeting him, I could tell at a glance if he was in one of his melancholy moods. If he was I would rouse him and had found that I could rouse him by getting him to work on. On such an occasion he came into my place of business and walking down to the stove, turned his back to me without speaking. I was at my desk writing. Presently I turned to him and said:

"Webster, what is the matter now?"

"It is no matter," he replied, "it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight, and I replied: "The Sweet By and By: Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"May be it would," said he indifferently.

Turning to the desk I penned the following words as fast as I could write:

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For The Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there:

In the Sweet By-and-By,
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore—
In the Sweet By-and-By,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that Beautiful Shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest:

In the Sweet By-and-By,
We shall sing on that Beautiful Shore—
In the Sweet By-and-By,
We shall sing on that Beautiful Shore.

To our Bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days:

In the Sweet By-and-By,
We shall praise on that Beautiful Shore—
In the Sweet By-and-By,
We shall praise on that Beautiful Shore.

In the meantime two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eye kindled, and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played the melody. In a few moments more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down. I think it was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words, before the two gentlemen before named, myself and Mr. Webster were singing the hymn, in the Webster were singing the hymn, in the same form in which it afterward appeared in the "Signet Ring." While signing it, Mr. R. R. Crosby, now a resident of Richmond, Ill., came in, and, after listening a while, with tears in his eyes, uttered the prediction: "That hymn is immortal." I think it was sung in public shortly after, for within two weeks almost every child on the streets was singing it.

"The Sweet By and By" was published in the "Signet Ring" in 1868. The publishers of the book, Messrs. Lyon & Healey, Chicago, heralded its advent by distributing a very large number of circulars, upon which selections from the work were printed; among them the "Sweet By and By." These circulars first brought the hymn to the notice of the public, and created the principal demand for the book. Sometime toward the close of the year 1868, I think, and the favor of the great public, that by the hymn was first published in sheet music form, first by Messrs. Lyon & Healy. Its publication passed from their hands to O. Ditson & Co., Boston. It is now published in numerous collections of vocal music in America, and as a newspaper account says, it is translated into various foreign languages, and sung in every land under the sun.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

IN the treatment of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, the dolourenx, semi-crania, sciatica, &c., Salvation Oil should be applied to the parts affected, and thoroughly rubbed in, so as to reach the seat of the disease. It kills pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

ITCH and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol23no38-y1

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4, 1886.—When Congress meets on Monday next, the President's message will be ready to be placed before it. It is probable, however, that the document will be withheld until Tuesday, when both Houses will be ready to hear it read. Ex-President Arthur, Senator Pike, and Representatives Beach and Arnot have died during the recess, and if the announcement of these deaths is formally made after the roll call they will be followed by adjournments.

It is possible that the House of Representatives will begin a much-needed reform by proceeding with its business up to a late hour in the afternoon, when the fact that these members have died can be mentioned and the body then adjourn.

This would be a peculiarly fitting occasion on which to inaugurate such a reform, for it was no other than one of the deceased members, Mr. Beach, of New York, who had so much to say last session against the time wasted by Congress in adjournments out of respect for deceased members, and in eulogies over them. He asked Congress to adopt a resolution relegating memorial services to Sunday during the session in order to correct the evil of the present system, and adjournments out of respect to the dead be thought should never be in order.

According to a time honored custom, when the death of a Senator or Representative is formally announced, an adjournment is always taken for that day. That is one day lost. Then another day is lost when the memorial services are held, and sometimes these memorial days come towards the close of the session, when it seems almost criminal to spare time from the public business.

The Senate Chamber and the Hall of the House are in readiness for Monday. The doors of both are draped in mourning for the late ex-President, and chairs and desks in both indicate by their inclosing folds of black that their former occupants are dead.

Members of both Houses of Congress arrive in every incoming train, and many of them are busy just now in looking around for winter quarters. Col. Morrison has been here for several days, but declines to be interviewed, on the ground that he has talked too much already since the election. He charges up his defeat to the White House apathy, however, and drops the remark that he found defending the Administration a very unpleasant task. His defeat has not changed his course, and he will bring up his Tariff reform bill again at the first opportunity. His hair and beard have whitened rapidly of late, and he has surprised the habitues of Pennsylvania avenue with a brand new silk hat, the first, I believe, for ten years.

But while Mr. Morrison will appeal for the acceptance of his Tariff bill, as usual, he has no expectation of succeeding. He realizes that harmonious Democratic action would be necessary to secure any Tariff revision this winter, and he sees no reason to hope for such concentration of force on any measure accomplishing material reductions.

Senator Mahone is delighted at the prospects of a Republican victory in Virginia in 1888. Said he: "When every vote cast in the State can be honestly counted, Virginia will show a majority of 40,000." The Democrats, he says, have already lost the white districts and he does not see much for "The President's recent bad temper and irritable state of mind was explained by an official announcement that he was suffering from an attack of rheumatism in his knees. His malady is quite painful and annoying, as he cannot walk, but only shuffles around the room with the assistance of a cane. No physician has been called to see him yet, and he has not had time to relax work on his message.

Mr. Hearst, the California millionaire, whom the governor appointed to fill the vacancy made in the Senate last session by the death of Senator Miller, will not come back to the Senate this winter. The legislature elected in his place a Mr. Williams, a merchant who is friendly to the Central Pacific Railroad, to serve out Mr. Miller's term, which expires in March. The legislature which meets this winter will elect a Senator for the full term, and the Central Pacific will do its utmost to elect its man. Mr. Hearst, whose wife is socially ambitions, and who himself enjoyed his experience here last winter, will fight the railroad backed by a certain 30,000,000 firm for whom he did good service as a mining inspector. This clash of millionaires for a seat in the U. S. Senate will be watched with interest. R

LITERARY NOTES.

VOLUME IV. OF ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

This certainly is a work of extraordinary popular interest, and it would be very strange if at its low price it should not receive an immense circulation. Though it is to extend probably to 15 volumes, and will include representative selections (with biographical sketches) from nearly 2000 of the most famous authors of the world, of all ages and all nations, yet it is easily within the reach of any one able to invest so small a sum as 10 cents a week.

"The fourth volume of this excellent cyclopedia is the richest, so far. It goes from 'Cable' to 'Clarke.' For some reason known only to Galton and other curious writers, the letter C is apparently favorable to genius. Here we find such poets as Cædmon, Calderon, Callimachus, Camoens, Campbell, and Chatterton, we listen to such preachers as Chalmers, Chrysostom, and Chapin; Carlyle and Clarendon dispute for the honors of history; Calvin weaves the laurels of the incomparable theologian; although Cheever, Chillingworth, Channing, and Freeman Clarke are his near neighbors, and Cicero bears off the palm for oratory, while Caxton sets up his printing-press in Westminster, and a few pages after, Cervantes launches the immortal 'Don Quixote.' This is a delightful volume, with something in it to suit every taste."—*National Baptist*, Philadelphia.

"The general excellence of this valuable work is fully maintained in the volume just received. The marvelous cheapness of this edition has placed it within the reach of many who are overjoyed to call such a work their own."—*Oregonian*, Portland, Oregon.

"The present volume has eighty subjects, of whom twenty are American, which shows the attention given to American literature. The undertaking should receive the support of every one having occasion for reference to authors; and the favor of the great public, that by means of it can secure its best general view of the world's literature."—*The Globe*, Boston, Mass.

The above are examples of the good opinions expressed on every hand. Further description, also the publisher's large descriptive catalogue of standard books, may be had free on application to John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

"Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it. d

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ENGLISH Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ringbone, Stifles, Sprains, Swellings, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol23no39-y1

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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Locals 10 cents per line for one insertion; three cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, tributes of respect, communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of entertainments where admission fee is charged, will be inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line.

All communications should be addressed to

E. RUDOLPH,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., December 17, 1886.

Hon KATE NELSON the present member of the 16th District has been elected to the next Congress by a majority of [illegible] Mr Nelson is a true and consistent Republican

It the Railroad Improvement [illegible] pass over the veto of Governor Beaver it will prove a very [illegible] to the Harrisburg hotel [illegible] boarding house keepers [illegible] cure will surely wind its [illegible] for the next two years

It is now estimated that [illegible] will be the expenses [illegible] Centennial Exhibition [illegible] City Commissioners [illegible] reserved for the [illegible] Exposition will [illegible] prove a failure

It is [illegible] Democratic officials of the [illegible] Democratic organization [illegible] there [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Salary Grab [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democratic

...ean County Miner

...JOB BLUSHING TERMS.

...OCAL AND HUMOROUS

—Advertise at local on second page.

—The H. N. Richmond Hose Co.'s fair closed last night.

—Chas Burdick reserves us that he is now employing ...ch Mitchell's to do his millinery.

—Carl Becker of Eldred, presented [illegible] with a pair of white rats, one of each sex. They pair to start housekeeping with their blood-red eyes are now ...ornamenting a cage in Brown & Hess's store and are a ...

We are ... on ... Mr. Dobson's ... of the *Legislative Directory* ... by Miss Dobson, State librarian. ... that Miss Dobson is ... the Miner ... is ...

Mr. ... of Bradford ... Mr. Howard ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr.

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Tones and invigorates the system, and completely CURES DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WANT OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASES, MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER, and all diseases requiring a reliable tonic and alterative. Clears the complexion, and makes the skin of a beautiful clearness. Does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do. For the genuine, see that the trade-mark and crossed red lines are on the wrapper. Take no other. Manufactured only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

GLEASON & LEMMLER

MANUFACTURERS OF

HARNESS

OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER MADE WITH PROMPTNESS AND AT LOWEST RATES.

Saddles, Blankets, Whips, Etc.

TRUNKS & VALISES

JAMES MCNULTY

Merchant Tailor!

Smethport, Pa.

Chick-Chika-Ki-Ki

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Prevents Roup, Prevents Gapes, Prevents Cholera, Prevents Egg Eating, Prevents Laying Soft Eggs, Makes Hens Lay.

IT IS NO POWDER. IT IS NO MEDICINE.

It Boils for Five Cts. Per Pound, in Quarts

Chick-Chika-Ki-Ki Manufacturing Co.

For Sale by Grocers and Hardware Dealers everywhere. If your Grocer or Hardware Dealer does not keep it, send 25 cts. for sample can, postpaid.

Attend to your Chickens and they will Attend to you.

Chick-Chika-Ki-Ki never without it. Try it. Don't delay. Do it now.

S. S. MYERS, Patentee,

No. 1 North Front St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Specht & Sasse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Specht & Sasse, are prepared to attend all calls in their line.

Store on Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

PARIS EXPOSITION 1878

Grand Prize Medal, Paris 1878.

DREYDOPPEL'S BORAX SOAP

Manufactured by the Wm. Dreydoppel Mfg. Co. 28 North Front Street PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAMES ELDREDGE

"B"

SEWING MACHINE

with Automatic Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle.

The ELDREDGE "B" is sold with the guarantee of being the BEST that can be MADE.

AGENTS WANTED.

ELDREDGE MANUFACTURING CO.

343 and 345 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

DIRECTIONS FOR TEACHING A HORSE TO ARCH HIS NECK

The Little Teacher—A Mean Thing to Do. How to Give a Horse a Soft Mouth. "Patrocles"—The Crocpaddy—A Five-Mile Gate.

A writer in Harper's Young People has been giving some excellent lessons in horse-back riding. In a late one he tells "how to form" a horse's mouth so that it will always respond lightly and easily to the rider's touch. A girl can do it just as well as a boy. A horse is, says, should never be hard mouthed. It is a vicious habit." But he tells the young people to remember at the same time that "unless your seat is so firm that your hands are light you can never give a horse a soft mouth."

The writer takes an imaginary horse called Dexter and begins his directions by saying:

Suppose now you stand at Dexter near shoulder and taking hold of the curb reins at the withers, give a steady, gentle pull. Don't make any attempt to back but you must observe the limitations with the reins. The groom on the curb chain will soon make him hang down his head upon his breast and curve his neck. As soon as he does that pat and caress him and in a second or two release the rein. Let him have his head a moment to rest. Try the same thing again and again very gradually keeping the neck arched a little longer each time but never so long as to tempt him to rest on the bit, or throwing up his head, or taking

"PATRICK."

So long as he changes the form of the neck and holds it in position at this double way about half an hour will do. In a week or two you will find that Dexter will arch his neck slightly without any pull at all. And then, if you will be careful not to pull back on the bit when he tosses and tries with his head to get his mouth free, you will find that Dexter will soon learn to toss his head and arch his neck of his own accord when you take hold of the reins. Then you will be able to ride with a very light hand, and Dexter will be a pleasure to you instead of a trial. Dexter will be willing to do anything you ask him to do, and will be glad to please you. He will not be afraid of you, and will not shy at things. He will not run away with you, and will not kick or rear. He will not be afraid of the cars, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the dogs, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the people, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the horses, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the cattle, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the sheep, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the pigs, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the chickens, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the ducks, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the geese, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the turkeys, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the peacocks, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the guinea fowls, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the pheasants, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the partridges, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the quails, and will not run away with you. He will not be afraid of the doves, and will not run away with you. 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QUESTION AND ANSWERS

A Column in Which Too May Learn Many Things.

What is the pay of the different grades of officers of the United States army?—Constant.

Lieutenant general, $11,000; major general, $7,500; brigadier general, $5,000.

Gen Pelissier.

Can you tell me if Gen. Pelissier, one of the nation's great generals in the same who figured the Malakoff in the Crimean war and was made Duke of Malakoff?—A. De R.

No. The present Gen. Pelissier is the son of the first Pelissier.

Antiquity of Man.

What are the facts to warrant all the assertions that man's first appearance on the earth was 10,000 years ago?—Ruth.

There is no satisfactory evidence of man's existence upon the earth as far back as the time of the mammoth. The bones of a man have been found in caves along with those of extinct animals. These are certainly the best proofs we have, and they do not carry us back more than 2,000 years. Some of the most eminent geologists are of opinion that man has existed upon the earth many thousands of years.

Why Is the Sky Blue?

What makes the sky look blue?—Lucy A. Jones.

It cannot be said that it looks blue to us. We know what particles of matter must be in the air to make it look blue, but we do not know why they have that effect upon the light.

Is the Time the Same?

Is it a fact that a man will shoot from the muzzle of a gun as much further as a ball will fall to the earth at the same time as a ball dropped from the muzzle of the gun to a point directly beneath it?—Subscriber.

[illegible] will fall to the same point as if it had been dropped from the muzzle of the gun. The ball will be affected by the resistance of the air.

Earthquake Origin.

Is Humboldt the author who declared the Gobi sea of Tartary or Balkan or French origin?—B. A.

Original. Humboldt's census of an Alaskan family.

Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Can you tell me what was the Confederate general Robert E. Lee graduated at West Point and what place he stood in his class?—Robert E. Lee was graduated at West Point July 1, 1829. He stood second in a class of [illegible] cadets. His age at graduation was 22 years and 4 months.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

Will you please tell the distance between the piers of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn?—Subscriber.

The piers of the river span of the bridge are 1,595 feet apart. The length of the bridge from the Brooklyn terminus to the water front of New York is 5,989 feet.

Where Lies the Duty?

[illegible] A small man of [illegible] just [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]